

To  
Mrs. C. Howard.

SING ME YOUR FAVORITE SONG, LOVE  
SONG OR DUETT

WRITTEN BY

T. Elwood Garrett

Composed by

ADOLPH ZUNN.

PIANO. *3/4* *2/4* *3/8* *4/4*.

*2/4* *3/4* *4/4* GUITAR.

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## SING ME YOUR FAVORITE SONG LOVE.

for the

## GUITAR.

Composed by ADOLPH ZUNN.

Arranged by H. WERNER.

*ALLEGRETTO.*

1. Voice. Oh! what is your fa - - vo - rite lay, love! There is such a - same - ness in

2. Voice. Oh! sing me your fa - vo - rite song, love, Oh! sing me your fa - vo - rite

all; ..... Oh! what do you wish me to play, love? I

air; ..... While ze - phyr's are cour - sing a - - long, love, And

would not have mu - sic to pall. .... The

na - ture is blooming and fair. .... a tempo. 'Twill

*ritard.* *dolce.*

moon and the zephyrs are sung, love, And land - ed in each swelling clime, From  
*pp* sound so much sweeter at night, love, When sha - dows are stealing a - round; The

Po - et or Vo - cal - ist sprung, love, Since mu - sic was ra - ted di -  
 moon - beam is fair - est of light, love, It dream - ing - ly sleeps on the  
 vine, atain.

Then I will not sing of the  
 ground. Then sing me the song of the  
*mf*

moon's bright beam, Nor the whis - per'd tales of ze - phyr and stream, Nor the  
 moon - - lights dream, The whis - per'd lay of the ze - phyr and stream, The

whis - per'd tales of ze - phyr and stream. Oh! Oh!  
 whis - per'd lay of the ze - phyr and stream, Oh! Oh!

Oh! Oh!



what is your fa - vo - rite lay . love Oh what is your fa - vo - rite lay . & c .

sing me your fa - vorite song , love , Oh ! sing me your fa - vo - rite air . . . . . While  
sing me your fa - vorite song , love , Oh ! sing me your fa - vo - rite air . . . . . While

zephyrs are coursing a - - long , love And na - ture is blooming and fair . . . . .  
zephyrs are coursing a - - long , love And na - ture is blooming and fair . . . . .

ritard.

First Voice .

Second Voice .

Then sing me the song of the heart, love  
'Tis constantly changing, you see;  
It will some instruction impart love -  
Then sing its deep music to me.  
But tell me not of its dark deeds, love  
Of pining, despairing, and blight;  
For in it are sown many seeds, love  
Which never can bloom in the light.

Then sing me the song of the fond heart's dream

[Bis.] When reposing in bliss by life's bright stream, [Bis.]

Then sing me the song of the heart, love & c.

I will sing you the song of the heart, love  
But numbers, and music are true;  
I cannot conceal the dark part, love  
Not even to satisfy you.

For, know there is much of deceit love -

Hearts are not so fair as they seem,  
And half the pulsations they beat, love  
Are dark and ungrateful, I ween,

The song that I sing, is the heart's fond dream,

Is fleeting and restless by life's bright stream.

I will sing the song of the heart love & c.